

The Cushion of Sleep

ACCORDING to a medical authority, the passengers who are asleep when a railway collision occurs escape most of the bad effects of shaking and concussion if they escape the more imminent danger of death.



Magazine Page



This Day in Our History

THIS is the anniversary of the conclusion of a treaty with Tripoli, in 1805, through which that then piratical country agreed to give up all American prisoners and to entirely abandon the demand for tribute.

THE WILD GOOSE BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

A Dramatic Story of a Devoted Husband Who Discovers His Wife is in Love With Another Man and Battles to Keep Her Love



DIANA SHRINKS AT THE MERE THOUGHT OF FRANK'S COMING INTO HER ROOM

If in the course of twenty-four hours he had not seen Diana in all stages of dress and undress, she would have felt slighted. The best picture he had ever painted had been of Diana

without any clothes on at all. He had painted it for the sheer love of painting it. And then he had destroyed it. But it was good to know that the

things which she was going to tell him would please him. And his imagination began to feed on this promise, leaping from small things to great, until his breast was filled

Motion Pictures of This Splendid Serial Will Be Shown Here Soon At the Leading Theaters

with hopes of an exceeding richness. He had always believed that she had a splendid character, and that some time it would triumph over all her faults and failures. Perhaps even now that bright hour was at hand.

The frost had begun to come out of the ground, and so they kept to the macadam roads. Diana had already told him very briefly, almost sulkily, that she had made up her mind to give more of her time to Tam and to be economical. But she did not say that in all other ways she had resolved to make him a better wife.

Her resolutions, indeed, were all going to pieces under the pressure of continuous introspection, and, of course, Manners, whose hopes had been so rosy, was disappointed. "I wish you could say," he said, "that you were going to live my life—our life—a little more. You are away from me so much with people I hardly know, and whom I don't care two straws about. It hurts me like the devil."

Matter of course. "I thought we'd settled all that years ago." "If doing things I beg you not to do is settling them, why then we did—years ago."

They covered several hundred yards without speaking. "Suppose, for instance," said Manners, "you came back from a journey, and went to the apartment to wait for me, and I burst in on you with a perfectly strange lady. You wouldn't like it. Even though you don't love me, you wouldn't like it. But it's all right for you to burst in on me with a strange man in tow. And I'm supposed to take it as a matter of course. But I don't—inside."

"Things might have been better for us," he hinted darkly. "If you hadn't insisted on having yours."

And he had one of those sharp pangs of jealousy which still tormented him at times, though the original cause of them had long ceased to exist. "You rode deliberately for the first tumble," he said, "and ever since you've been riding for another. And when you get it you'll say that it just happened and nobody could help it. And I'll have to be contented with that. It's fine that you are going to look after Tam better, and be economical; but why not turn the new leaf all the way over? Live our life, Diana, and be a real wife to me!"

Declares Love for Diana. All that he had said seemed to pass from Diana like water from a duck's back. And she made no comment. Manners, who in all justice had long been sorely tried by her stubbornness and independence, began to lose his temper.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, "why don't you divorce me, and then you could go your own way, lamented for years ago." "It was not the first time that I was a crackle of temper he had made some such suggestion to her; only to be brought short up with an 'Oh, don't be silly!' But on the present occasion Diana startled him by saying: 'And if I did—would you let me have Tam?' 'I've loved you,' he said quickly. 'I've been faithful to you, I've taken care of you; now, just because you are restless and bored with your lot, you think you'd like to divorce me, and have Tam too. You are as much as declare in one breath that you are no good and that you are fit to bring up a child. If you do, I'm supposed to hurt me so like the devil. Diana, I could put back my head and laugh.' Copyright, 1919, International Magazine Co. (To Be Continued Monday.)

This story has been made into a motion picture by Cosmopolitan Productions under the masterly direction of Albert Capellani and is released as a Paramount picture.

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "His Daughter," "When My Ship Comes In," "The Seven Darlings," and "Other Notable Fictions."

CHAPTER V.

DIANA had her breakfast in bed and sewed during most of the morning. At such times her room was the clearing-house for all family affairs and for her own personal ones. Either the door was open and she was interviewing the cook or the waitress; or the door was shut and she was telephoning with friends in the city. Manners came and went, but as Tam was nearly always at his heels there were no opportunities for really intimate conversation.

He had waked more sure than ever that something specific was troubling Diana; and the anger that he had felt against her was all gone. She didn't look well, even after her long sleep, and she didn't look happy, and he couldn't keep his mind off her health and her happiness.

Tam was a real nuisance that morning, for her father's heart was not in the business of playing and romping. But he did not wish her to know this, and he forced a gaiety which deceived no one but Tam. By noon his nerves had been brought to a fine edge, and it was not till then that he had a few minutes alone with Diana. As on the preceding night he seated himself on the edge of her bed, and contemplated her for quite a long time without speaking. Diana made a great many of her own clothes,

The Story So Far

Frank Manners, an artist of reputation, is doing some work for a rich woman in California. He has always been devotedly attached to his wife, Diana. He reads over her letters of the last few months and feels that she is neglecting their small daughter. He decides to go East without letting Diana know beforehand. On train he meets a hunter who tells him a tale of a wild goose. When Manners arrives home and finds Diana is in town, he goes to their apartment. There he meets Odgen Feen. Later he and Diana leave for their country home. There he greets Tam. He is disappointed in Diana and becomes angry at her coldness.

and at the moment her eyes were busy with the shirtwaist which she had begun that morning, so that their expression was hidden from her husband.

"I think you might put that thing down and talk to me," he said. "It will be remembered that Diana had gone to sleep with her mind filled with good resolutions. She put down her work obediently, and with real sweetness of expression looked up to meet her husband's eyes. This time, coat what it might—yes, though she broke her heart—she was going to keep those good resolutions, every one of them."

He should perhaps have kissed her, told her not to be late for lunch, and left her. But this is doubtful. Her nerves were on edge, too. Perhaps it did not matter much what he said or did.

"I want to know what's wrong, Diana."

Her expression lost its sweetness instantly. "Why couldn't anything be wrong?" "I'm sure I don't know; but I should like to, and also what it is."

She shrugged her shoulders, and she knew that if she was going to keep some of her good resolutions she would have to break others. "It isn't right for you to keep anything from me," he said.

"Oh, Frank," she exclaimed, "don't talk about right and duty. Did I ever do anything right because it was right? If I ever do right it's because I want to."

"You tell me there is nothing wrong," said Manners, "but I know you much too well to believe that. On the whole, you are the most truthful person I know, so that on the few occasions when you have attempted to deceive you have made a perfect botch of it."

Diana couldn't help smiling at this description of herself. It was perfectly accurate. "So I know there's something," he went on, "but I can't be sure that you are ever going to tell me what it is. Won't you please tell me, dear? Maybe I could do something to help."

"There isn't anything," she said. And he knew that she was not telling the truth.

What is Wrong. "Have it your own way," he exclaimed, with some temper. "But you ought to remember that the things I imagine will be a good deal worse than what you could tell me, if you only would, and show a little consideration."

"Frank," she said, "I have some things to tell you, and I think you'll be pleased. But it's time for me to dress, and I'm not going to tell you now."

"All right, dear. Can I stay and watch you dress?"

"I wish you wouldn't, Frank. It makes me nervous."

He sighed and went out obediently. There had been a time when

Heed Danger Signals

TAKE CARE OF THE SORE THROAT.

By Brice Belden, M. D.

SORE THROAT is significant, very frequently of illness, seems to be severe or chronic the doctor should be consulted. In cases where children complain of a dry and more or less sore throat morning after morning the cause may lie in the presence of adenoids. When a child complains of a sore throat that makes swallowing a very painful operation and seems to have a slight or moderate fever, the throat should be examined for spots or ulcers. If the surface is merely red, or even very red, the condition is probably not serious. Gargling with peroxide of hydro-

gen and lime water in equal proportions will relieve the pain. If, however, the throat symptoms are accompanied by a high fever and vomiting, the case may be one of scarlet fever and the doctor should be sent for immediately.

Sore throat may at any time indicate serious infection, and even a slight soreness may be accompanied by the gray-white film and swollen glands indicating a possible diphtheria.

When the tonsils are covered with yellow spots and the throat feels sore, we have tonsillitis, and, although this is not as a rule a very serious condition, the doctor should be called in, as neglect may result in rheumatic infection.

Stylish Paris Gowns



Figured taffeta comes as a happy variant of the changeable toned taffeta that has been used so generally in Paris this season, and gray as a background for large magenta roses, in the gown at the left, is good. Three especially narrow straps of gray taffeta take the place of a sleeve in a surplice bodice, and the skirt is full and long, as one finds it in many frocks seen at the fashionable dance places. The fan of uncured ostrich is of gray to match the gown.

The train has returned with all its luxurious grace and is accepted for any hour of the afternoon or evening. In a dinner gown of crepe and satin the train of French blue satin is something more than a train, being also the logical outcome of the bloused back panel and the exceedingly short sleeves. The bodice front, of orchid crepe, is slit several inches up from the waist line and falls over the skirt in pointed panels, each ending with a blue glass bead and heavy crystal tassel.

ADVISE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax

A PUZZLED ADMIRER.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: ABOUT six months ago I was introduced to a young lady to whom I had become greatly attached. I knew she reciprocated my affection. In order to see her it was necessary for me to call at her girl friend's house, always making my calls on her invitation.

When the tonsils are covered with yellow spots and the throat feels sore, we have tonsillitis, and, although this is not as a rule a very serious condition, the doctor should be called in, as neglect may result in rheumatic infection.

Will you kindly advise me if I should call to see her, regardless of the invitation, as I believe it would appear to her as though I were staying away on my own accord.

F. J. You might send her some flowers or take them to her yourself, and if she can see you no doubt she will be glad to do so.

A GOOD TEST. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty-three years old and in love with a young man twelve years my senior. I met him about a year ago. Shortly after, he told me that he was a married man, but getting a divorce which would take about three years to become absolute. He is a very nice man and seemingly it is not his fault that all this trouble arose, but rather the unsuitableness of their natures. He seems to care a great deal for me, and I believe would make a good husband, even if he is some little older than myself.

Am I doing right in keeping him as a sweetheart, and would happiness probably result if we should marry? E. F. R.

There is no reason why you should not be happy if you really and truly love each other, and a three-year wait should be a good test.

MORE PRIZE CAKE RECIPES

SPICE CAKE. 1/2 cup of butter. 1 1/4 cup of sugar. Yolks of 3 eggs. 1 cup of milk. 3 cups of flour. 3 teaspoons of baking powder. 1 teaspoon each of salt, cloves, cinnamon. Cream butter and sugar thoroughly, add eggs and milk, sift baking powder and flour together, then add and stir in spices. Bake in three tins in moderate oven, cover with white frosting, made from the whites of 3 eggs and powdered sugar only.—Mrs. Maud McDonald, 302 McLean avenue southwest.

MUFFINS. 1 egg well beaten. 1/4 cup butter. 1 cup sugar. 2 cups flour sifted twice. 2 teaspoonsful Royal baking powder. 1 cup sweet milk. Mix carefully, beat well. Bake for 20 minutes in muffin rings about 250 oven heat.—Mrs. Mary W. Burg, 3701 Thirteenth street northwest.

When a Girl Marries

AN ABSORBING SERIAL OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE.

By Ann Lisle

"I GOT here in spite of them, and it's glad I am to see you looking so well," whispered Bertha cautiously, as she laid the icebag against my throat. "Now, listen and I'll be talking fast."

"There's a man been telephoning every day and asking to speak to you. I can't make out nothing from his voice—nothing at all."

"Then you don't know who it is that telephones," I said wearily. "Well, there's one thing I wish you'd do at once. Please telephone Mr. Hyland that I want to see him this evening without fail."

Bertha's face crimsoned. She opened her mouth to speak, closed it again, flung her apron over her head and rushed from the room, bumping into the nurse, who was just entering as Bertha made her hasty exit.

Miss Rathbun rushed by Bertha and came to my side with an air of anxiety which made her more gentle than I've ever seen her.

"What was that stupid woman saying to excite you," she demanded. "You can see for yourself that doctor's right when he forbids you to have visitors."

"You're very anxious," I replied, watching her coldly. "By the way, Miss Rathbun, did you come to me at the same time the doctor did? I was too sick to notice."

"Why, no," said she, eyeing me strangely. "Doctor sent for me afterwards."

"How?" I demanded. "Why, my dear, an automobile came for me and brought me here. I might as well tell you that I always take care of Dr. Norman's cases. We are—well, we are engaged."

She stammered a bit and added aggressively, "He doesn't want me to say anything about it because most women like an unmarried, unmarried doctor."

"Wait a minute, Miss Rathbun," I interrupted. "You have my good wishes, but I'm not the least bit in the world interested in your doctor. I don't want him to take any personal interest in me. I just want him to get me well—to get me back on my feet again and that he

seems determined not to do. Can you tell me why?"

Her face crimsoned and her voice shook as she replied: "How can you say such a thing? Of course he wouldn't let you run any unnecessary risks after having such a terrible throat and taking the anti-toxin and all. But he isn't keeping you in bed a day longer than is necessary. Don't you hesitate such a thing about my Roger."

"Aren't you exciting your patient a little?" I asked coldly. "It was clear to me that nothing was to be gained by cross-questioning Miss Rathbun."

I counted on testing my strength when Miss Rathbun went down to supper. Presently, however, Miss Rathbun made a discouraging announcement. "My patient is so much stronger that I'm going to let her sit up for supper and we'll have a nice little party tonight," said she.

"Oh, then, you'll have to let Bertha know," I said. "Why don't you get me up now and then go down and tell her to bring up both trays?"

"Doctor told her," smiled Miss Rathbun, as if reading my thoughts. "She read my order from me."

"If I'm strong enough to sit up, surely I'm strong enough to see my sisters," I persisted. "Miss Rathbun stirred uneasily."

"We'll see," she said. "Now, dear, the thing to do is to get you up for the last rays of sunlight and all comfy before the tray comes."

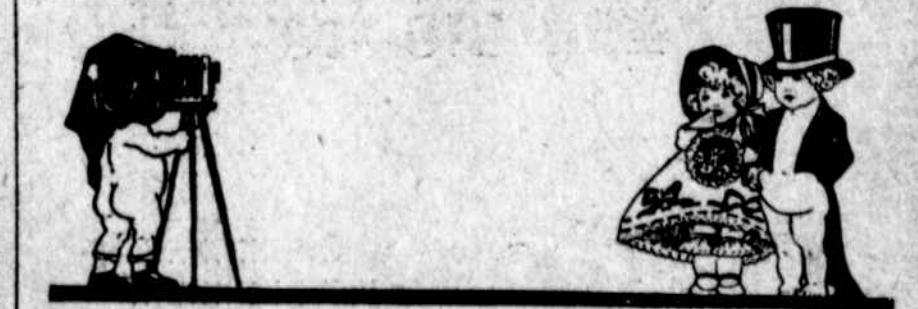
Hardly had this been accomplished when Bertha and the waitress appeared carrying two large trays. As mine was put down before me, I noticed a letter in unfamiliar handwriting.

"Miss Rathbun," I said quietly, "please don't reprove Bertha for bringing me my mail. She takes her directions from Mrs. Dalton, not from Dr. Dalton."

Miss Rathbun handed me the letter, shaking her head in puzzlement as she acquiesced with my demand. Then Bertha, her eyes shining with a queer glitter, announced:

"The same man which phones every day called up again just now, m'am, and said they'd be a letter from him, and please to see you got it."

"That will do, Bertha," I replied gravely. (To Be Continued Tuesday.)



HERE COMES THE BRIDE

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FOR LOVE By Ruby M. Ayres

PHILIP had proved himself wonderfully constant of what a bridegroom is supposed to do. He was, perhaps, too anxious to do everything expected of him. He was desperately afraid that he might fall short of the standard of perfection set up by tradition and generations of bridegrooms. He had loaded Eva with presents. He had given her a most expensive diamond ring, and was surprised that she still wore the one he had first given her.

"It's such a shabby old thing," he protested. "I like it best—I always shall," she told him.

Mrs. Winterdick was giving her much talked about dinner party two nights before the wedding. Philip's best man was coming, and an aunt from whom he was supposed to have prospects, and everybody whom Mrs. Winterdick considered anybody at all.

"I shall be terribly nervous," Eva told Philip. He laughed. "I want you to meet Calligan. You'll like him—besides, you must know who's to be best man before the actual day."

He was getting quite interested and excited himself. "Eva had heard him considerably during the past fortnight. She was not in the least excited."

"That girl will be a real pal to you, as well as a wife, my love," his father said to him once in a moment of illumination, and Philip felt a sudden warmth at his heart.

Of course, he did not love her, but he was fond of her, and he respected her more than anyone he had ever met. He was quite sure that they would get along admirably together.

He had driven over to bring a patch of presents that had arrived the previous night, and he and she were standing at the front door. Philip was just going—had such a deuce of a lot to do before the evening, he said. It

was the night of the dinner party, and Eva was a little flushed with nervousness and excitement already. "I hope Mr. Calligan will like me," she said suddenly.

She knew that Calligan was Philip's greatest friend. "Of course he will," Philip assured her. "And you'll like him, too. He's a fine fellow. I've known him all my life."

He looked at her, and a sudden thrill of pride swept through him. She was so soon to be his wife, and she looked prettier this afternoon than he had ever seen her before. Her eyes were like stars and her face radiant with happiness.

He took a step toward her impulsively. "Shall I come over and fetch you this evening?" he asked, with a curious note in his voice. "I shan't see you by myself all the evening—with all those people there. I can drive over in the car. Mr. and Mrs. Dalton won't mind."

He was a little agitated and embarrassed. "Would you like me to?" he asked, rather breathlessly.

But there was no need for her to answer. Her eyes were answer enough. Philip caught her hand and held it hard for a moment; then he turned away.

"I shall come at half-past six," he said. She gave a little cry. "Half-past six? But dinner isn't till eight."

"I know—but I want to talk to you."

He drove off feeling happier than he had done for weeks. Things were going to be all right, after all. He had shown the car a little to turn out of the gate, and as he did so a girl darted back just in time to avoid being knocked over. It was Kitty Arlington.

If the engine of young Winterdick's car had not, by some unkind freak of fortune, stopped at that moment he would just have raised his hat and driven on; but as it was the car came to a standstill just outside the gate, bringing its driver exactly abreast with the girl on the path.

She was looking very cool and dainty, as she always did, in a pale blue frock and a shady hat, and her little feet shod in the trimmest of high-heeled shoes.

Young Winterdick's heart gave a traitorous thump as he looked at her. It was impossible to avoid speech as he clambered out of his seat to restart the engine.

"Awfully hot, isn't it?" he said nervously. "I like the heat." The blue eyes met his rather wistfully. There was a little silence. Philip had twice tried to start the car and failed to accomplish his object. He laughed in embarrassment; he was rather red in the face. Kitty watched him silently.

In her mind she was comparing him with Peter Dennison, and Peter suffered by the contrast. He was only a stripling still, slim and boyishly built, whereas Philip was muscular and broad-shouldered—a man every inch of him.

"I haven't seen you for some time," she said presently. "Not since that night you—"

He broke in hurriedly. "No—you've been away, haven't you? The time passes so quickly. To you, perhaps," she said slowly.

She looked away from him down the hot dusty road with a little feeling of jealousy.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

THE OBSERVING WOMAN

NEAR TRAGEDY.

It was the sort of shop that Dickens would have loved—a tiny, cluttered place, full of odds and ends, from papers and magazines to toys for children and smokes for men. The Woman had stopped for a current Atlantic and was waiting for change, when a little girl came in for an evening paper. In friendly wise the dainty old man behind the counter leaned across to ask solicitously: "Well, Ethel, how is the baby today?"

"Very sick," came the reply. "She had measles yesterday, and today she has scarlet fever, too."

The Woman stared as Ethel turned and ran out of the shop with her paper. "That isn't possible, surely," she gasped.

The dainty old man laughed. "Oh, m'am, that was her doll she was talking about. We have daily conversation about that doll. You see, Ethel and I are great friends."



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